




Anderson College  
Literary Magazine  
1984 - 1984





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Dear Readers,

This year the Ivy Leaves staff has aimed to provide an outlet for creative expression. As you, the reader, turn each page, try to experience what the author or artist was feeling at the time of creation. Experience and enjoy.

Special thanks to students, staff, and faculty that contributed works to the literary magazine. Also a special thanks to the typists.

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## **Is Love So Hard To Give?**

The woman, a total stranger, told me that her eight-month old grandbaby had just died. Tears came down her eyes as she told me of how the child had died during open heart surgery. Although I was just a face without a name she continued to empty herself of her grief.

The woman was apparently living by herself and had no one with whom to share her sorrow. Because I listened to her it probably eased her mind. I simply told her that I was deeply sorry and that may God be with her.

Don't we all come across people everyday who are crying on the inside and are saying, "Please help." "Please just care about me"? Aren't we all to a certain degree crying for help from each other? Why can't we understand that the whole world wants to live? With so many reaching out, is love so hard to give?

**Victor Bouchillon**

So many times I have followed my heart and not my head.  
To heart aches I have always been led.  
From this moment on I take a stand,  
Not to ever listen to a man.

**Tani Ellenburg**



## Twenty Minutes or Two Years(?)

This story comes from my B.C. existence, (before condition), when I was capable still of driving, walking, and all the other physical actions which others just take for granted. I was on the way up from something in Columbia in the little MGA I used to drive. When I was about half way up the interstate toward Anderson, I turned off on a side road looking for a restaurant to get a little supper. By the time I'd reached the outskirts of a small town, it had begun raining heavily, and my view through the windshield was just a blur; (in the past, I think I'd probably worked on every moving part in that car except the heater and the workings of the wind-shield wipers. So, at times, I was proceeding on hardly anything more than "sonar" - honking horns, the sounds of a few pedestrians, and the sound of the road underneath. I took advantage of the first cafe that had an awning to park under. After I'd gotten about half way through what I'd ordered, I decided I better go someplace else if I ever came that way again, but I got enough down to hold me for the time it would take to get back up the road to Anderson. When I left it had stopped raining, and I noticed the moon trying to come out from behind fleeting clouds. After I'd gone a little way back up the interstate, I realized I'd forgotten my umbrella. It was only about 10 min., so I turned right back around to get it, but as I pulled in, I saw that the place looked closed, which seemed a little strange for only about 8:30 p.m. Then, as I got closer, I saw that the place looked abandoned, with some of the glass broken out and dusty dirt all over. I went and asked somebody at the service station across the street:

"How long's that place been closed over there?"

"You mean that little restaurant; Oh, probably about two years."

Well, I just knew then that I must have just taken a wrong turn somewhere. The place sure did look the same, though, especially the little cafe itself. Some of the glass in the door was already broken, so I kicked in some more and stepped inside. It was exactly the same inside too. And as I looked around I thought how I would have been sitting right over - THERE!! Still on the same exact table where I remembered having left it - MY UMBRELLA!! Right about that time the alarm buzzed me awake and I got up wondering "twenty minutes or two years"?

Richard Kloskey



Charlene Powell

## **Tears**

Sit and dream and the tears flow.  
 Other times and places parade through your mind.  
 A chance meeting, a brief flutter of memory,  
     a brush with what has been --  
 They all conjure up images and emotions  
     which can only be stilled with tears.

Dr. Victor.H. Matthews

## **Worried About You**

Whatever happens  
     to people who abandon  
     all their dreams  
 Has happened to you now  
 I don't know  
     what kind of spirit  
     flies  
     through their packaged minds  
     and takes this hope away . . .  
 But it has flown through you  
     I felt the chill . . . .  
 How long has this burning  
     been whispering fire-songs to you?  
 When did the spirit take over  
     and delicately  
     (but firmly)  
 Pull our skins apart  
     like wrapping paper,  
 Inch by inch . . . ?  
 I want you to know that  
     I could see the fog forming . . .  
 I could hear the distant horns  
     each time we strolled on that last  
     pier  
 But I always thought  
     whatever it was  
     that was calling you  
     You would somehow  
     not reply . . .

Cathy Grant



## Meditations on the Psalms

There aren't words  
majestic enough  
to praise His name,  
But David's came close.

Yet even he added  
singing,  
shouting,  
lyre, trumpets, horns.

Great forces of nature  
joined in:  
roaring seas,  
applauding rivers,  
and serenading mountains.

My words aren't sufficient,  
nor those past,  
nor those to come.

Maybe that's why there is  
eternity . . .

Gayle Pruitt

## Incognito

A smile camouflages  
your wrecked inside.  
Your gait eludes  
not to the lashing of the waves,  
but of unwavering serenity.

A subdued but jovial laugh  
merely canopies your turbulence.  
But, no one will penetrate your fortress.  
For they too have their hiding places.  
Your secret lingers safely in the temple of your soul.

William McBride



Jill Townsend

## We'll See

"Have you ever thought about why things happen the way they do?" Now that's a funny way to start a conversation I thought. But then Harvey had always been a bit strange.

"Well, have you?"

"No, I guess I just figured that they did -- that's all."

"Yeah, that's what most people do." Harvey sighed and then sat down heavily in a chair near the stove.

"Still and all I can't help thinking that there are paths which we follow, actions that we take which taken together lead to major events happening or not happening."

I was still sort of taken aback by his manner and so I tried to just play along hoping to find out what he was getting at.

"What, for instance?"

After thinking a minute he said, "This morning I followed my usual routine of breakfast, paper, and then my walk to town to post my letters and buy groceries. In the course of this simple set of actions I observed several people going about their business, spoke with no one, and then stopped when I met you. If there had been any deviation I would have had a completely different set of memories of the morning and I very likely would not be speaking to you now."

What is so unusual about all that?" I said. "That's just common sense."

"Yes, I suppose it is. Still I can't help wondering if there is a plan behind what happens -- some purpose. Maybe its just my subconscious desire for orderliness, but I think I would feel better if I knew or even suspected that everything was not solely governed by chance."

Shortly after saying that we were interrupted and I never had a chance to answer him. I did think about it, but like so many other casual conversations it was eventually pushed to the back of my mind, emerging only when I happened to think of Harvey and his sullen moods.

The thing about it was that it kept coming back almost like a ghost that haunted me. I finally decided that the only way to exorcise it was to test it. Thus the next day I made a conscious effort to change my routine. I waited longer to get dressed. I watched a different morning news program. I drove a roundabout route to work that took me into neighborhoods I had rarely seen.

When I got to work I continued to vary my schedule as much as possible. Then I sat back to check the results of my experiment. Had I changed anything? Did anything different result from my attempt? Had I missed seeing someone, missed doing something that would have a ripple effect of astronomical proportions?

I wasn't sure. I didn't notice anything world shaking. Finally, I dismissed the whole thing as foolishness and resolved to never fall into another superstitious mood no matter how unsettling.

The next day I was feeling very proud of myself. I had learned a lesson and would now be able to face the world in a more objective, and adult manner. Then I sat down to read the paper and all my pretensions were shattered. A gas main had exploded along my normal route to work destroying a intersection where I usually had to sit and curse the light.

Harvey had been right. If I had ignored my subconscious feeling and not made my experimental changes. I would have been killed.

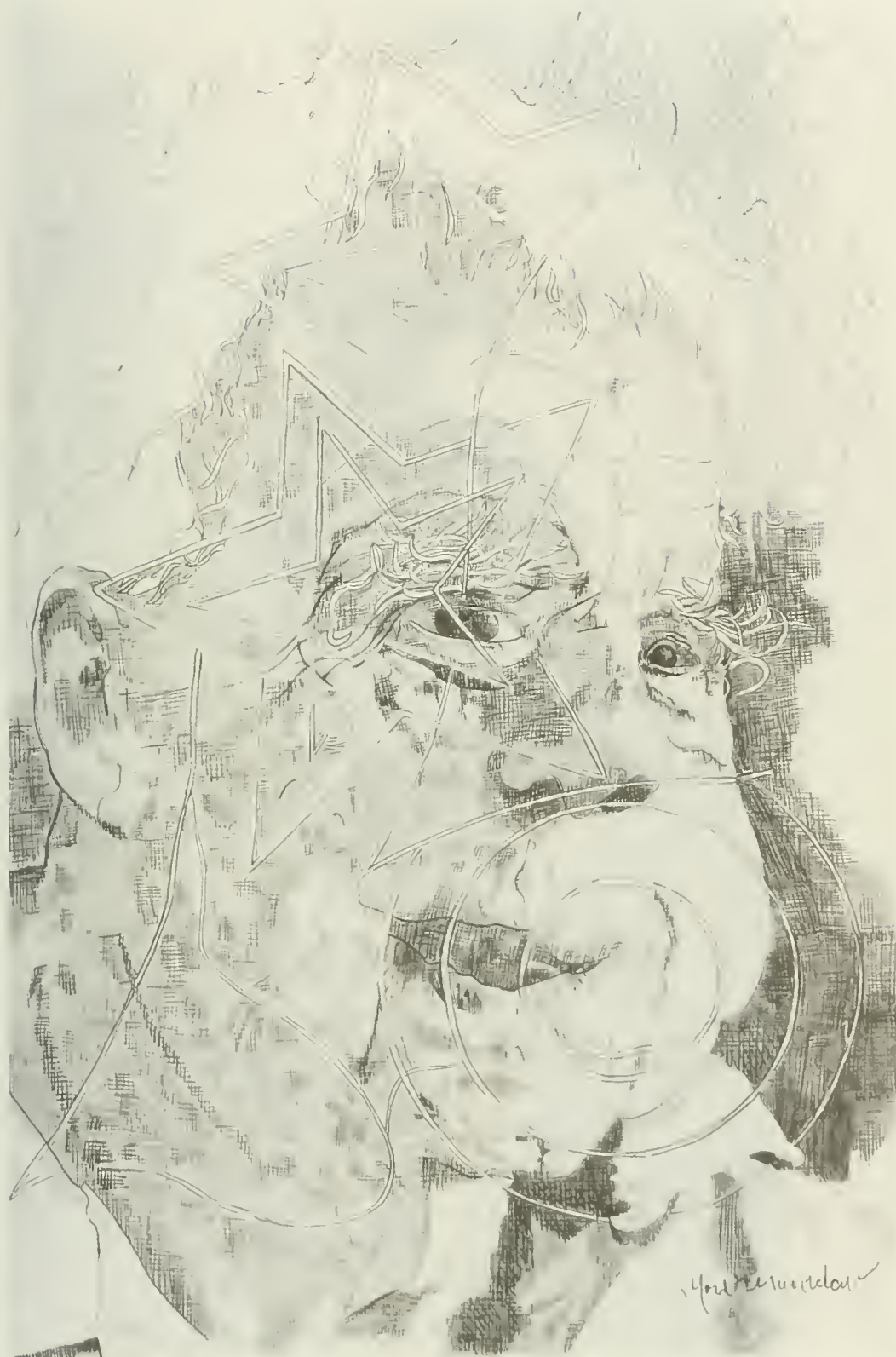
For now I have a second chance. I have cheated fate and am free to follow a new destiny. What will I do to change things that I originally was not fated to do? We'll see.

## An Honest Deceit

Doesn't it always seem like  
The people you get less love out of  
Are the ones who stay longer on  
Your mind,  
Year after year?  
And they are the same ones  
You hold a higher respect for.  
Twisting your mind to believe  
that they did things great and  
Honorable  
... That they probably never even  
Thought of doing?  
It is the mind's parody,  
The mockery of self vs. self.  
And I have tried  
And I know you have too  
But when some stranger with ash-blond  
Hair suddenly looks your way  
How can you keep  
From looking back  
And trying to turn them into  
The childhood fantasies  
That play over and over in your head  
Like a broken record ... ?  
I don't think it could be love  
... This long after  
But there is a sort of melody  
That defines this feeling ...  
Maybe the melody will  
someday diffuse  
But the dread of it is that  
you know  
(with the wisdom that women are born with)  
It will never completely  
go away  
It stays like a vaccine scar  
From the year you were young  
And full of blessed innocence ...  
  
It isn't really deceitful ...  
this feeling ...

Cathy Grant





Karen Power





## My Life

What have I done?  
 I never have won.  
 Look at all the people that get by in life.  
 When I do something it is like being cut with a knife.  
 When I do something good,  
 Someone is always saying you never should.  
 I never get by with anything I do.  
 My life is on lost and unfound and I have no clues.  
 When I get older will it be the same?  
 Will I go through life living in shame?  
 If I go this way, at my throat a knife.  
 Cut my throat, I would rather lose my life.

Tani Ellenburg

## The Death of a Sailor

The wind is cold, the sky is black,  
 The heavens unleash their fury from above.  
 The ship is sinking, - - - I am alone,  
 My mates have been long gone,  
 To their watery graves they now abide,  
 It won't be long before I am by their side.  
 The ship's sails will never again be slack,  
 For the ship is sinking to its new abode.  
 Never again will I smell the air full of salt,  
 I will soon be part of the sea itself.  
 The ship is sinking; sinking to the reef shelf.  
 The water is like ice; it won't take long,  
 The waves are pounding; they sound like a gong.  
 My GOD; Why --- why did we stray from the shipping lane?  
 Yes -- I remember now;  
 The storm --- the reef,  
 The ship is sinking --- the water is so cold.  
 Regardless of my great pain,  
 I will die bold.

Joe Docker

## Jenny

As spring arrived, all I could think about was going to the mountains. I had a vacation coming up; and, believe me, I was going to do nothing but relax and enjoy it! I could already smell the sweet honeysuckle, hear the flowing brooks, and witness with my own eyes the fresh, green herbs and colorful flowers growing in full bloom.

One of my good friends owned an old cabin near the top of a mountain and we were going there for our spring retreat. The day finally came and we hit the road. The trip proved to be a long ride but well worth the wear and tear. The little cabin was even more wonderful than I had anticipated. Though small and quaint, there was a rugged crudeness about it.

Lunchtime came and we feasted on the sandwiches in our lunch bags. After eating I decided to take a walk and experience nature in all of her many glories. Never thinking about getting lost, I ventured deeper and deeper into the forest. Suddenly, I felt confused and misplaced, as if nothing existed except me. Standing on a high rock for a look around the area, I noticed some smoke. I felt instant relief and began to follow the trail that led to the smoke. Presently I came upon a little stone cottage that looked well cared for. I bravely strolled up to the door and knocked three times. While waiting for an answer, I noticed some squirrels playing and running scarcely three feet away from me, with no fear at all. The door opened slowly; and there stood a beautiful young girl with hair as black as night, flowing smoothly over her shoulders. She wore a long blue dress which matched her eyes. Over the dress she wore a gray cloak with a hood on the back. I stood there for a moment just admiring her beauty.

The girl introduced herself as Jenny and said she had been awaiting my arrival. She asked if I might come in and try some of her freshly brewed tea. At first I did not believe her when she said she had been expecting me; but when I stepped into the cottage, I noticed two cups on opposite ends of a small table. I felt strange but was too tired to think about it further and accepted her invitation to have tea. While I greedily drank because I was very thirsty, I noticed an old-fashioned water pump overhanging what was the sink. Even though there was nothing modern about the room, it was bright and cheerful. The cottage almost had a magical feel about it. When I asked Jenny why she was up on the mountain all alone, she replied that she wasn't alone, that her friends were all around. I took it that she was referring to the animals of the woods. I learned that she nursed sick or wounded animals back to health. She invited me to see them and I accompanied her through a long, cold, clammy corridor. At the end of the hall, a big room came into view. Actually, there seemed to be three rooms joined one to another and animals were everywhere. Jenny could sense my amazement and told me that she had telepathy with the animals.



I was so engrossed with this beautiful girl and the animals that time just slipped by. I realized that the daylight was growing short and my friends would be getting worried. Jenny read my very thoughts and told me not to worry, that a raccoon would appear three times on the way back and would lead me home. I followed her to the door and thanked her for a wonderful afternoon. Following the path from the cabin, a raccoon appeared at the first turn of the path as Jenny had promised.

My friends were relieved at my return and I told them the story of the girl in the woods. Being curious boys they wanted to see the place I had been, so bright and early the next morning we headed up the mountain. Nearing the top I spotted the little stone cottage just as I had remembered it. But this time something about it looked different. There was somehow a feeling of emptiness about it. There were no animals that we could see, no fire in the fireplace, no wood stacked neatly outside the door. Cobwebs floated around the room and broken chairs stood stacked in one corner of the cottage. I led them to the door that opened into the corridor; but when we opened the door, we found an old empty closet filled with dust an inch thick. The pump that had once been the main source of water was broken and dry.

I had seen enough and felt tears begin to fill my eyes. I do not believe I had ever run harder in my life. I ran the whole two miles back to our cabin with my friends right behind. They never did say anything else to me about the incident; but at times they would gaze at me with question marks in their eyes. I tossed and turned all that night and could not wait to go home the next day.

Many years passed, fifteen to be exact, before I returned to that same side of the mountain where I had first seen Jenny. My head told me to forget her, but somehow my heart would not let go of those precious memories. I did, however, find the same path that led to the little cottage. As I began to climb the mountain, I could tell that a great forest fire had struck. I finally came upon the little stone house; but the only remains left were the stones and they were as black as soot. I did not attempt to go in for fear my heart would surely break. As I turned to leave, I spotted an old raccoon. He spotted me also, and stood for a few seconds staring before he scampered off. I was happier then than I had been in the past fifteen years. I began to sing happily to myself and continued until I reached the bottom of the mountain.

David Alderman





## Footprints in the Dark

You left with all the  
laundry for me to do  
And all the dishes too . . .  
So I went off to my quiet place  
In the back room that you  
    said was "like a dungeon"  
And sat there for an hour  
Listening to Beethoven and  
Drinking white wine  
The feelings were fine . . . .  
I hoped you would come back  
    to find it all undone . . . .  
And have to track me down,  
Following the petals I had  
Dropped on the way as a path  
    for you.  
You would see me there  
In my black satin and lace  
Trying to trace  
My memory  
With a glass of wine  
I would be sitting beside the  
Window  
with a look of serenity  
In my eyes  
And you would immediately  
    recognize  
The look resting there.  
You see,  
I don't care that you feel  
I have nothing more to do than  
wait for the bell to ring  
So I can fetch your dinner in time  
for the games to begin.  
So I come here  
    and write away my sorrows  
Alone, in black  
Because I feel blackest  
When you are meanest.  
The path to my room  
is worn and old now.  
I will get away from you  
Somehow.

Cathy Grant



Charlene Powell

## Remember Me

I've been daydreaming  
About falling in love  
Relationships don't pass my way  
I just can't get enough

When I'm feeling down and out  
I think about our past  
Crying for some future love  
Or one that didn't last

Remembering all our laughter  
Joyful times fell our way  
But destiny broke down her doors  
It ended one year today

Sometimes my mind slips into dream  
Was our love meant to be?  
But there's no use in pretending  
You're in love with him passionately

Maybe one day when you are old and gray  
You'll look back to the times we had  
And at least picture me  
As a fellow not quite so bad

Cause angel I'll remember you  
You're always in my dreams  
Losing love is hard to do  
You'll forever have mine it seems.

Danny Travis

Cry a tear.  
For all your fears,  
Then you will be crying all the days long,  
And nothing in the world would even go wrong.

Tani Ellenburg

## Lady Love

She begs of you . . .  
walk in her room tonite  
light as a feather  
she wears her white  
But many men have rested there  
upon her spiral stair  
and she slayed them all  
one by one  
by the flowers in her hair

She drinks crystal wine by starlight  
and dances around her room  
leaves you silent, yearning,  
mesmorized by the moon . . .  
white doves upon the windowsill  
cry to be admired by her  
this lady is a torch of love  
in her white gowns and furs

Firelight embers dancing bright  
straining to keep alive  
the lady loves  
to watch the flames  
in the mirrors of her eyes  
and when morning falls  
and she dances in the dew  
she thinks of years ago  
of men she loved and missed since then  
She knows they are missing her, too . . .

But she knows she has to fly  
her providence unknown  
wherever doves in the firelight  
take her  
her head is strong but her heart is prone  
to love certain men in slumber  
watch the lines of their faces  
and you are the lady's prey tonight  
you will tear down her lace

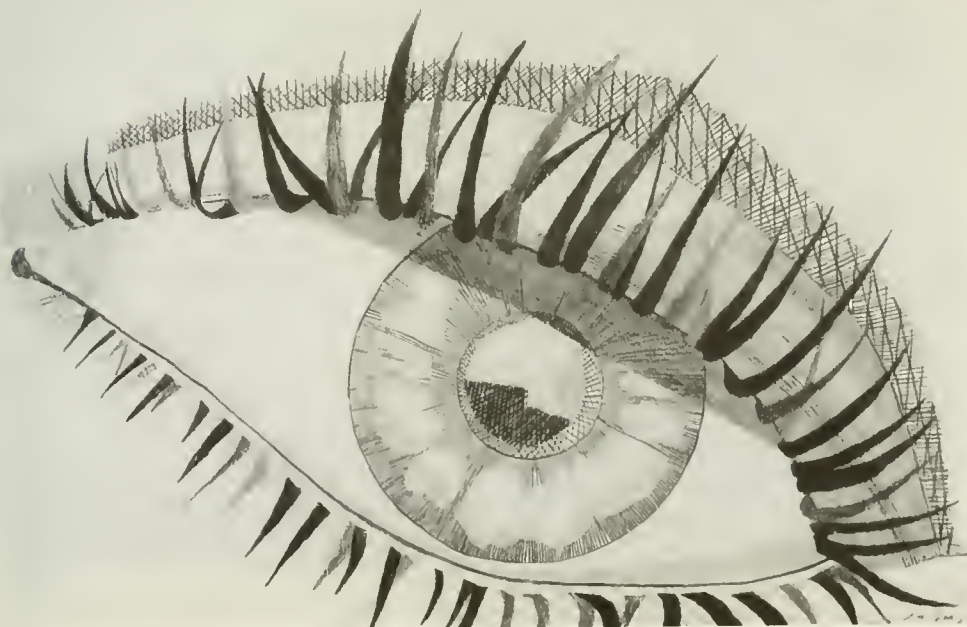
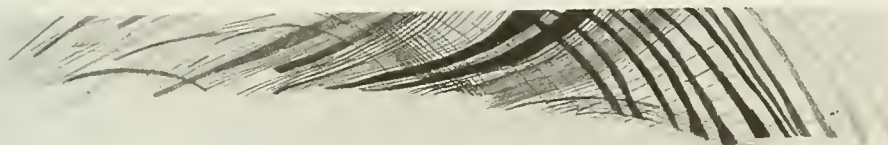
But do not cry when you lie bleeding  
in her princess bed  
the lady of love takes her flight  
and leaves her men for dead . . .

Cathy Grant





Karen Buchanan



Sandra Frazier





April Willoughby



Dawn Wells

## The Last Dragon

Perchance an Ancient caught me in a wakeful dream  
descending softly, gliding, from the fog and murky air  
Atop my balcony he sang to me forward  
and fixed me with a sad, amber stare.

He said his fire was embers now  
his teeth flashed no wicked gleam  
the mail of his back turn nary a sword.  
'Moonsilver' hunts now in his dreams.

I mounted his back, stole a ride  
the wind called us near and far  
through moonless nights and astral tide  
up above in the star-flecked dark.

He explained there was no chivalry  
no princely knights or flowery maidens  
It had been long since he'd felt steel-bite  
gone a pillaging, burning, raiding.

He said no Elves sung him to sleep  
or made the nymphs shy and blush,  
No unicorns haunt the wooded deep  
to inspire the bard and their poetical mush.

I replied that we don't believe in ghosts  
or myths of old, Forgotten Days  
Instead we people of today boast  
Nuclear Power, Computer Age.

Yet, I told him how I long for his days  
their nightingale nights and magic spells  
the sorcerous, light and dark ways  
they've weaned my dreams of heaven and hell.

At last the city was left far behind  
and gave way to pastures and forests of green  
with sculpted mountains, our eternal sign  
Time-swept tokens, stark and lean.

The wind sang his hollow dirge  
his mocking laugh and mystic tune,  
As Moonsilver and I left the Earth,  
Away to the Moon, Away to the Moon . . . .

Thomas Smith

## **My Shadow**

As I grow I always see  
A shadow on my side,  
It lingers everywhere I go  
Each day that passes by,

Sometimes I think I'm seeing things  
That really are not there,  
But then I stop and look around  
To see my shadow there.

Sometimes when I am lonely  
And lost in each days mood,  
I'll feel that shadow beside me  
Working hard so I'll feel good.

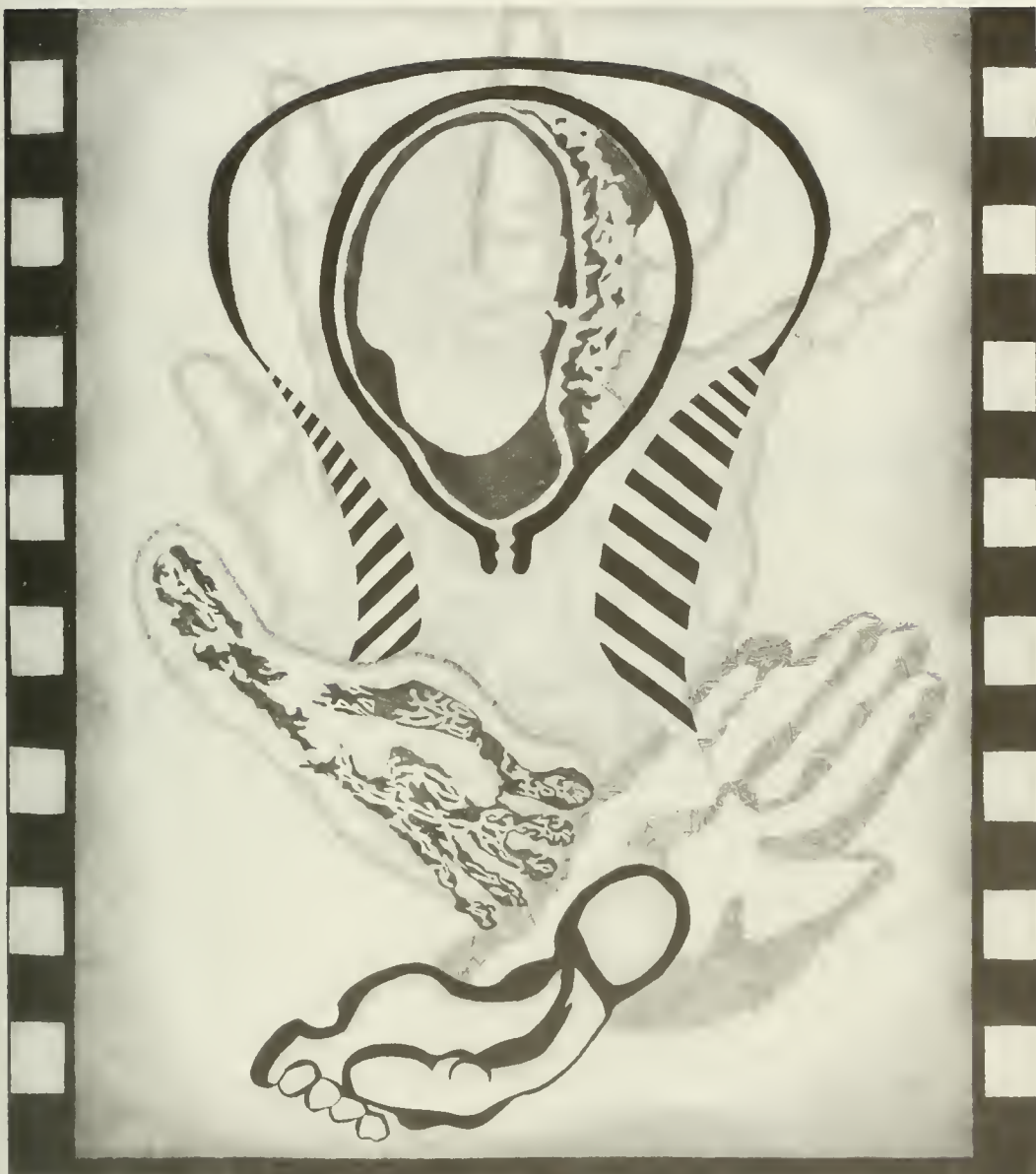
So now I have decided,  
That my shadow won't worry me,  
As I feel so protected,  
Whatever it may be.

**Vicki Roberts**

You tell me things that make me relieved.  
All these things I really believed.  
You have no truth in your eyes.  
Tell me you do with one of your lies.

To who it may be read,  
I do not hang at the end of my thread,  
For if it unwinds my life maybe dead,  
Pull me up and help me, Dear God I pray.  
I don't know how long I can hang this way.  
If everyone around me will not help me at all,  
Cut my thread, and laught, and watch me fall.

**Tani Ellenburg**



Vicki Roberts





Jeff Sams

### **The Legend of Dorian Sullivan**

In late October of 1871, Anne Sullivan gave birth to a beautiful little baby daughter she named Dorian. As a child, Dorian was full of mischief, ambition, and seemed always to have a mind of her own. Dorian's wealthy father, Edward Sullivan, gave his child the very best. A little more than a year after Dorian's birth, Edward's wife died from tuberculosis. So hurt was he by her demise that he swore to himself that Dorian would never know the meaning of sadness.

Dorian grew up to be a beautiful young woman, but she was kept isolated from people in the nearby town of Summerville. Her father warned her never to talk to any strangers, and so the only friends Dorian had were two servants and



her governess. She spent most of her time gathering berries and wildflowers in the woods surrounding her home. A pond, not far from the Sullivan mansion, was also a source of refuge to which Dorian often escaped.

One warm summer day, Dorian decided to go for a swim in her pond. Upon reaching the water, she quickly dove in. As she floated to the surface, she spotted a figure standing on the embankment, standing and watching her. Her initial reaction was fear; however, when the young man put his hand out to help her, something inside urged her to grab it. The man introduced himself as Steve Courtlandt. Steve was as handsome as Dorian was beautiful, and their relationship grew as fast as the wildflowers surrounding the pond.

It was not long before their secret friendship turned unto a romantic relationship. Every evening at midnight, Steve and Dorian would meet at the moonlit pond. They would kiss and make love to one another until the break of a new day. Deeply in love, they felt nothing could separate them.

Then, one summer night it happened. Madaleine, the governess, saw Dorian climb down the trellis beneath her bedroom window. So curious was Madaleine that she decided to follow. Madaleine had always been jealous of Dorian, especially of her beauty. When Madaleine saw Dorian and Steve swimming together in Blackbird Pond, she knew that this was her chance to take care of Dorian once and for all. Madaleine could hardly wait until morning to tell Edward the news. Now, since Anne's death, Edward had grown extremely close to his daughter; and he was not about to let some young man take her away from him. So angry was Edward that he ran upstairs and began searching her room, desperately trying to find something that might reveal the truth. Upon looking into a secret compartment of Dorian's jewelry box, he discovered a love ring made of solid gold. Running as fast as his feet would carry him, Edward finally reached Blackbird Pond. With all his might, he hurled the little ring into the big pond. The tiny ring hit the water and quickly sank to the bottom, never to be seen again. Edward decided that he and Dorian would leave the Florida Everglades and move to India.

The trip to India proved to be long and hazardous. Dorian caught the dreaded disease called scarlet fever and died before they reached their destination. In less than a month, Edward Sullivan was taken to St. Elizabeth Hospital, completely insane, where he spent the rest of his life.

The legend of Dorian Sullivan still grips the minds of the people living in the town of Summerville, even though she has been dead for over a century. Her grave is tucked far away in a corner of the old Summerville cemetery, and is now covered with sourweeds and dried grass. The head of the grave is marked by a little wooden cross bearing the letters D-O-R-I-A-N.

The melancholic old Sullivan mansion still stands and is known to most people as the "House of Sadness." It poses high on a hilltop overlooking the town. The pond where Dorian's ring was supposedly thrown, is nothing more than a bog with rotting trees and southern gray moss hanging from them. Some hunters claim they have seen a girl with long, flowing hair, calling for her lover while searching for her ring. Others say they have seen a young woman walking through the old Sullivan mansion with the flickering light of her candle, shining first on one window and then another.

David Alderman



April Willoughby

## Sister Sad Eyes

Pretty little angel with a tear in your eye  
It hurts me so to see you cry  
In my mind I still can see  
The little girl you used to be  
Pigtails and a freckled nose  
A smile for the camera  
You were holding a rose  
In the real world you feel lost and small  
Like a stranger who lives inside a wall  
Wish I could put myself behind your tears  
Wish I could bring back those early years  
When you and I were best of friends  
My love for you will never end

If only I could find a cure  
For the hate that destroys a thing so pure  
As a smile that puts forth no disguise  
In a little girl with innocent eyes

Steve Davis

Smallest of miracles are like grains of sand.  
Everything you want lies in the reach of the hand.

All of your dreams you want to fulfill,  
Everyday you awake your dreams may become real.  
For love to be taken you have to give.  
If life goes wrong there is a new day to live.  
Give of yourself what you take.  
For if you do, a new life you will make.

Tani Ellenburg

All alone  
 Looking out over the deserted park  
 The sun is shinning warmly  
 And a cool breeze is blowing  
 At last I feel at peace  
 And I am able (to try) to think things out

So much is going on  
 Inside me—  
 So many changes  
 Am I going forwards or backwards?  
 Growing up at last or  
 Regressing, trying to hide?

There is so much that I do not understand,  
 That I do not know how to deal with  
 Or even want to deal with  
 Sometimes I want only to be left alone  
 And sometimes  
     I cry out.

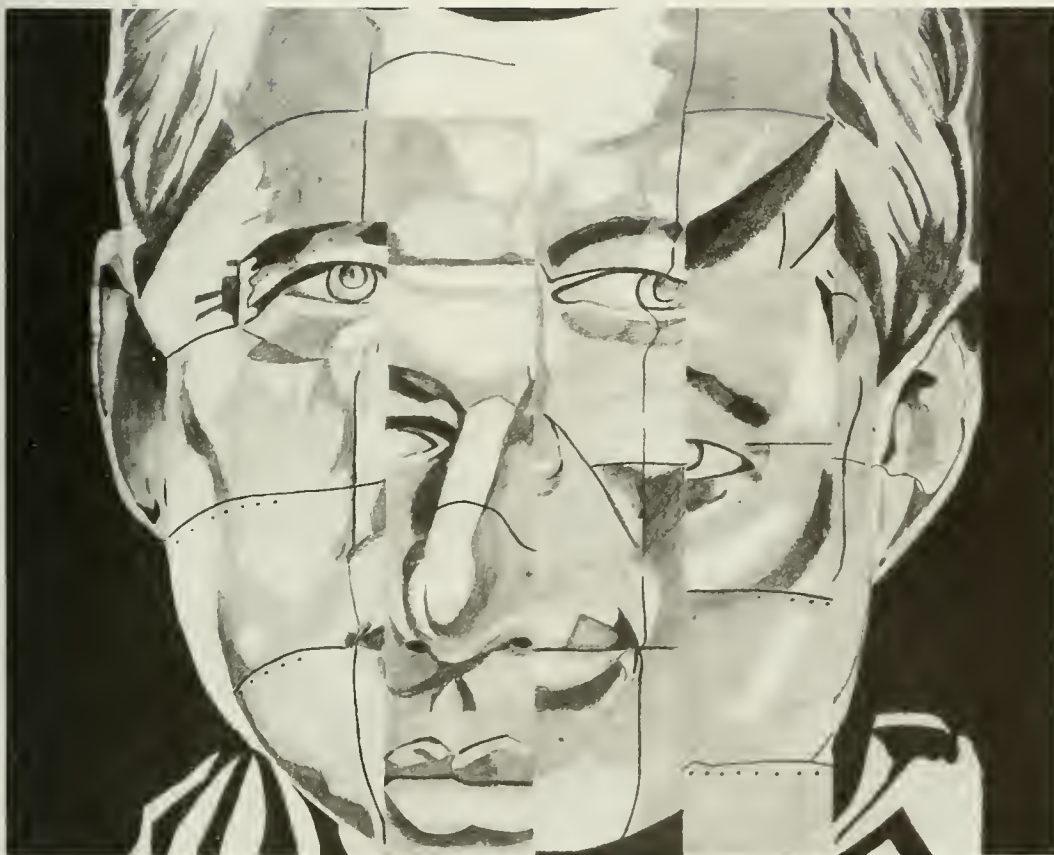
Julie R. Poole

## Peace

What is peace anyway?  
 No complaining - no disagreement - no conflict.  
 Silence -- for three days or longer?  
 No! No! A hundred times, no!  
 Silence is frustrating, exasperating;  
 Stifling to life itself.  
 Peace comes in talking, understanding,  
 Learning to handle conflict.  
 Peace is knowing that someone cares --  
 That someone loves you deeply.  
 Peace is accepting and forgiving,  
 In spite of differences and disagreements.  
 Peace is within relationships.

Sylvia Richardson





Vicki Roberts

### Who Am I? (Searching For An Identity)

It seems that I've been searching  
     (if I'm honest with myself)  
 For someone to share an identity with  
 —To lose myself in  
 For the first time I'm faced  
 With forming my own identity  
 I don't know who I am  
     (yet, will I ever?)  
 And in trying to discover who I am  
 I cannot seem to do anything right  
 I'm always letting down someone  
     —in some way  
 And I'm confused and  
 Frightened  
 And I feel so unsure  
 I only wish to live, learn, and,  
     mostly, be myself  
 Whoever I may be  
 I only want the chance  
 To make my own decisions  
     and mistakes  
 And I want to be trusted  
     And not judged  
 I'm Frightened and Alone and  
 I don't know who I am.

Julie R. Poole

You will live your life, and I will live mine.  
 Dream a dream of me, and the enchantment I will find.  
 We will live as one, till our fulfillment is done.  
 Then I will go on my way.  
 While the memories in our minds stay.

Tani Ellenburg



